

Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Knockabout Comics #3

Published 1981

(1st edition)

Knockabout Comics

75p

36 pages

Print run of 7 copies

7" x 10"

ISBN:

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Pokketz - 31-34

Comments:

n/a

ADULTS ONLY
75p

KNOCKABOUT

COMICS

3



HUNT EMERSON

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SON OF TAPEWORM TALES
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LES PROMESSES D'UNE VISAGE
FRED FALLO — WAR CRIMINAL
CLARA'S CUPBOARD
SANDRA
RIOT
MORTY THE MOLE
A BRIEF AFFAIR

HUNT EMERSON
SLIM SMITH
CLIFF HARPER
WILLEM
STEVE GIBSON
GEORGE SZOSTEK
DAVID HINE
KEV HOPGOOD
POKKETZ



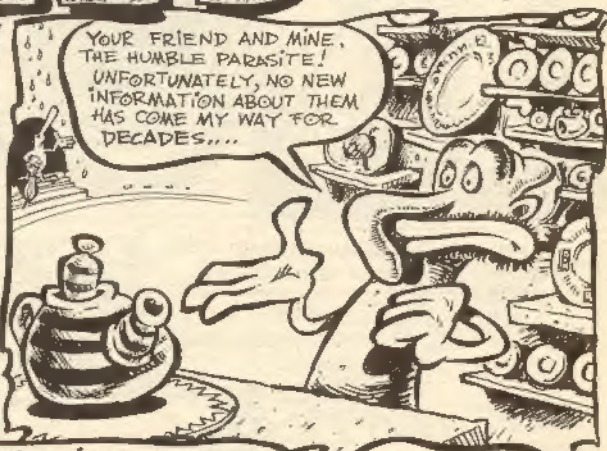
KNOCKABOUT COMICS no.3.
Published by Knockabout Comics,
249 Kensal Rd, London W10, UK.

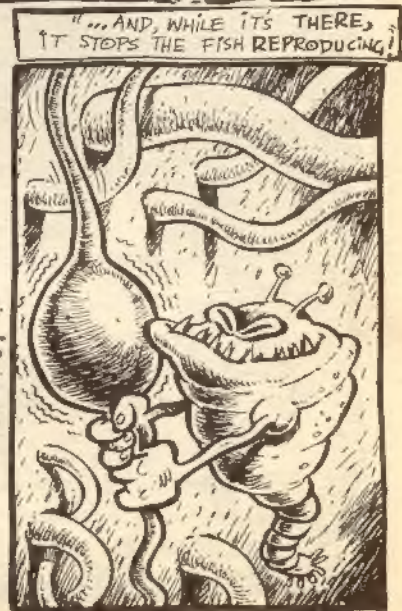
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DID YOU READ TAPEWORM TALES IN KNOCKABOUT #1? IF NOT, RUSH OUT AND BUY ONE, AND THEN READ...

SON OF TAPEWORM TALES

-by-
HUNT EMERSON=





"NEXT, THERE'S ANOTHER WORM THAT STIMULATES ITS HOST TO GROW LARGER THAN IT OTHERWISE WOULD!"



"AND FINALLY, IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED THAT WORMS IN THE GUT, RATHER THAN REMAINING SETTLED IN ONE PLACE, MOVE UP AND DOWN THE GUT TWICE A DAY!"

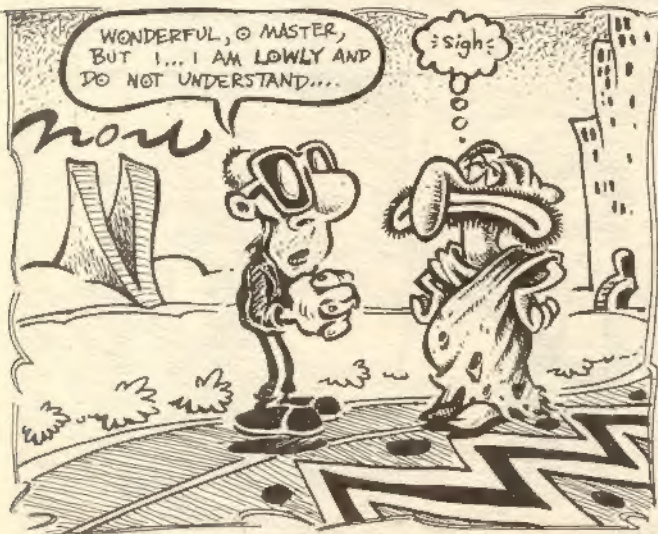


WHAT'D YOU THINK OF THAT THEN, EH?



WONDERFUL, O MASTER, BUT I... I AM LOWLY AND DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

Sigh



HORMONES, MATE! IT'S ALL DOWN TO HORMONES!



LOOK, WHAT HAPPENS IS, WE GIVE EVERYBODY A TAPEWORM AND STOP THEM REPRODUCING!



SOLVE THE WORLD POPULATION PROBLEM?

AT'S RIGHT!



"AND WE USE THE WORM TO MAKE THE HOSTS GROW, EVENTUALLY ACHIEVING A WORLD POPULATION OF TWO GIGANTIC, POWERFUL INDIVIDUALS!"



"AND, FINALLY, THE ENERGY HARNESSSED FROM THE MOVEMENTS OF THE ENORMOUS TAPEWORMS INSIDE THE TWO PEOPLE WILL RUN A COMPLETE ROBOT SERVO-TECHNOLOGY TO CATER TO THEIR EVERY WHIM! RESULT - HAPPY HUMANITY!"

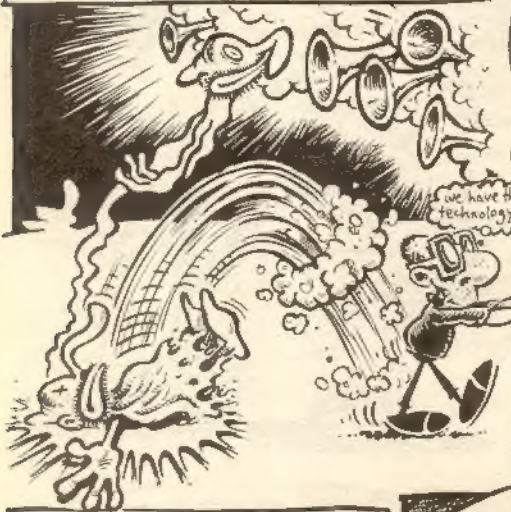


ALL WE NEED TO DO IS CREATE THE HYBRID WORM THAT INCORPORATES THE FEATURES OF THE OTHER THREE....

....AND.... WE ALREADY HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY!



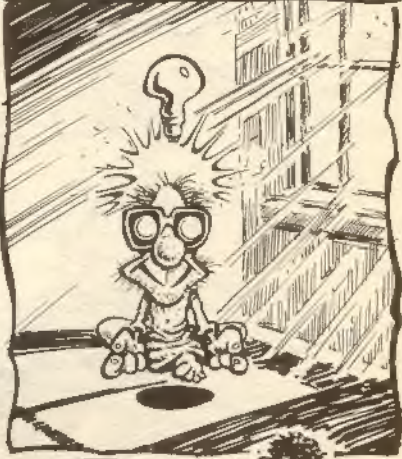
HAVING DELIVERED HIS MESSAGE, THE SAGE EXPIRES AND IS TRANSLATED!



BUT THE MESSAGE IS TRANSMITTED! THE ACOLYTE BEARS THE SEED OF A GREAT MISSION!



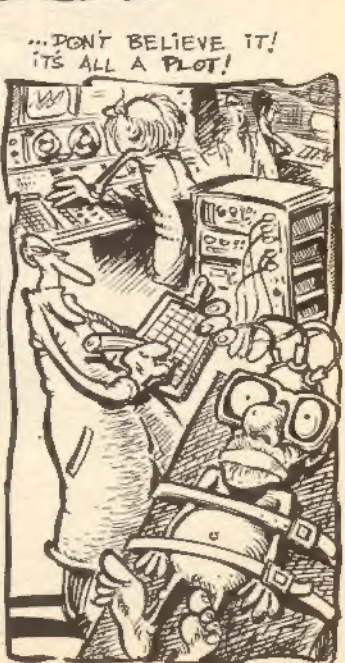
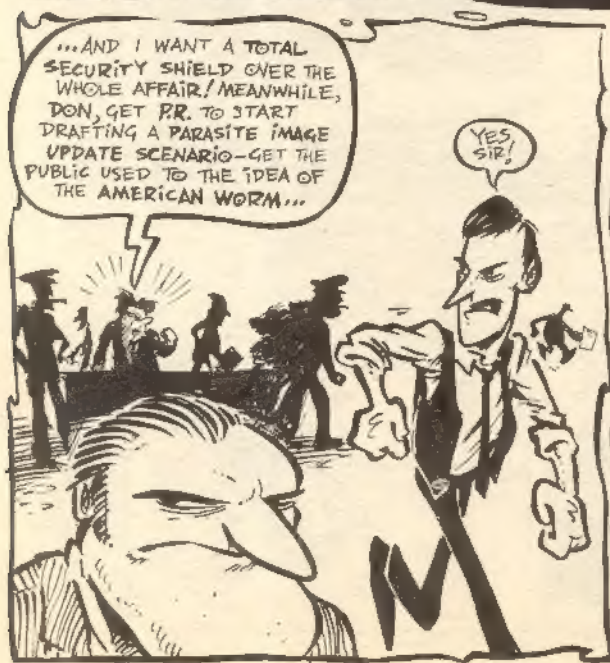
HE NURTURES THIS SEED IN ISOLATION...NURTURES IT UNTIL IT FLOURISHES...UNTIL HIS PATH IS CLEAR!



THEN HE BEARS FORTH THE FLOWER OF HIS CONVICTION TO THE WORLD!

HEY WORLD! WAIT TIL YOU HEAR THIS!





**ernie's
BORN
AGAIN
snack bar**

**ERNIE
WAKES-UP!**

©1981 SLIM SMITH

AAH! THE LORD
HAS BROUGHT
ME ANOTHER
LOVELY DAY!

I CAN FEEL HIS
TRUE LIGHT IN ME
TODAY, BURNING
BRIGHT, MAKING
ME RIGHT!

WITH HIS GUIDANCE MY
PATH IS STRAIGHT AND
CLEAR!

THERE'S SOMEONE ALREADY
IN THE
BATHROOM!

**ernie's
BORN
AGAIN
snack bar**

**GETTING
STUCK-IN**

©1981 SLIM SMITH

SUNNY-SIDE UP! YES, THAT'S HOW LIFE
IS WITH HIM!

HURRY IT UP,
FATSO!

POOR ERNIE! HAVING
TO BREATHE THE SAME
AIR AS PEOPLE
LIKE THAT!

MMM...THOSE
VAPOURS!

VAPOURS? YES, THE SMELL
OF COOKING IS JUST ANOTHER
REASON TO GIVE PRAISE
TO THE LORD!

THE BIBLE SAYS EGGS
APPEAR ON THIS
EARTH LIKE A VAPOUR
AND ARE GONE
Jules4:14

I DON'T REMEMBER
BELIEVING THAT!

MY STOMACH'S
BEEN CONVERTED!



POETRY BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE-ART BY CLIFF HARPER-1987

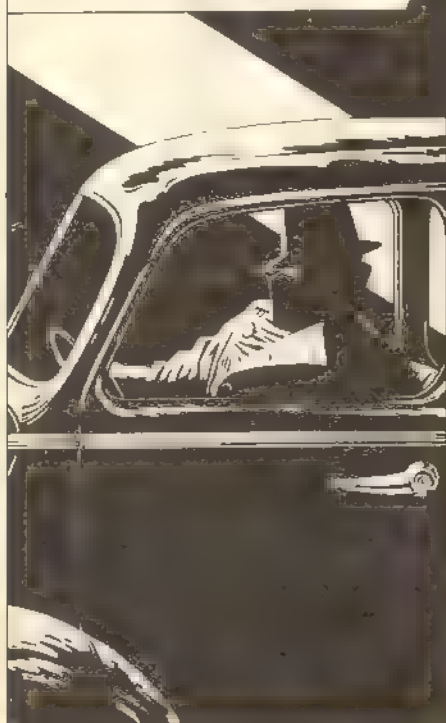
LES PROMESSES D'UN VISAGE

(WHAT A PAIR OF EYES CAN PROMISE)—TRANSLATED BY DAVID PAUL

I LOVE, PALE ONE, YOUR LIFTED EYEBROWS BRIDGING
TWIN DARKNESSES OF FLOWING DEPTH.



BUT HOWEVER DEEP THEY ARE,
THEY CARRY ME



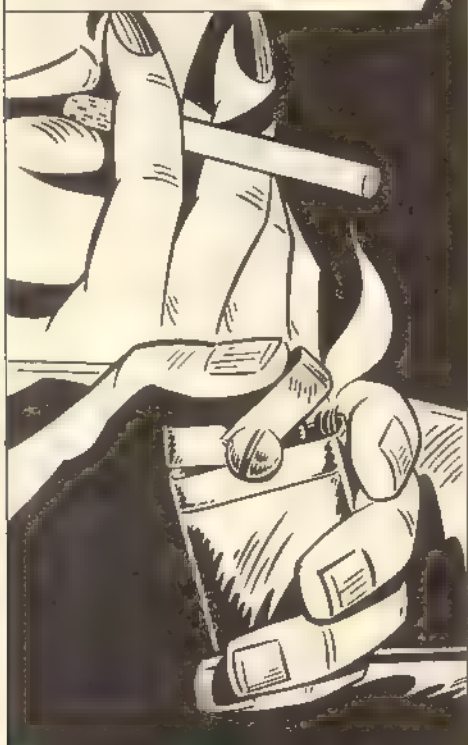
ANOTHER WAY THAN
THAT OF DEATH.



YOUR EYES, DOUBLY
ECHOING YOUR HAIR'S
DARKNESS



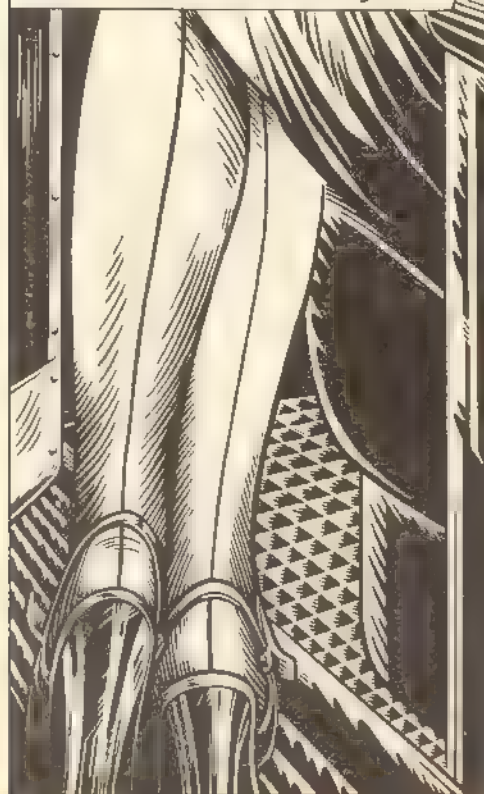
—THAT LEAPING,
RUNNING MANE—



YOUR EYES, THOUGH LANGUIDLY,
INSTRUCT ME: "POET



AND CONNOISSEUR OF
LOVE MADE PLAIN,



IF YOU DESIRE FULFILMENT
OF THE PROMISE,



THE ECSTASY THAT
IS YOUR TRADE,



YOU CAN CONFIRM THE
TRUTH, FROM THIGH
TO NAVEL,



OF ALL THAT WE
HAVE SAID.



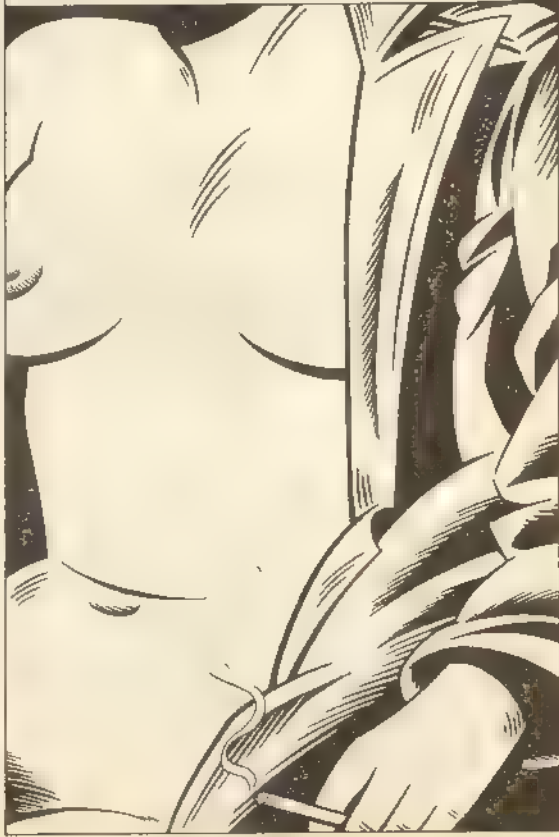
YOU WILL FIND MY
WHITE BREASTS HEAVY



WITH THE WEIGHT OF THEIR
ROUGH, BRONZE COINS,



AND, UNDER A SOFT AS VELVET,
ROUNDED BELLY,



POISED BETWEEN
AMBERED LOINS,



A FLEECE, NOT GOLDEN,
BUT FOR RICHNESS SISTER



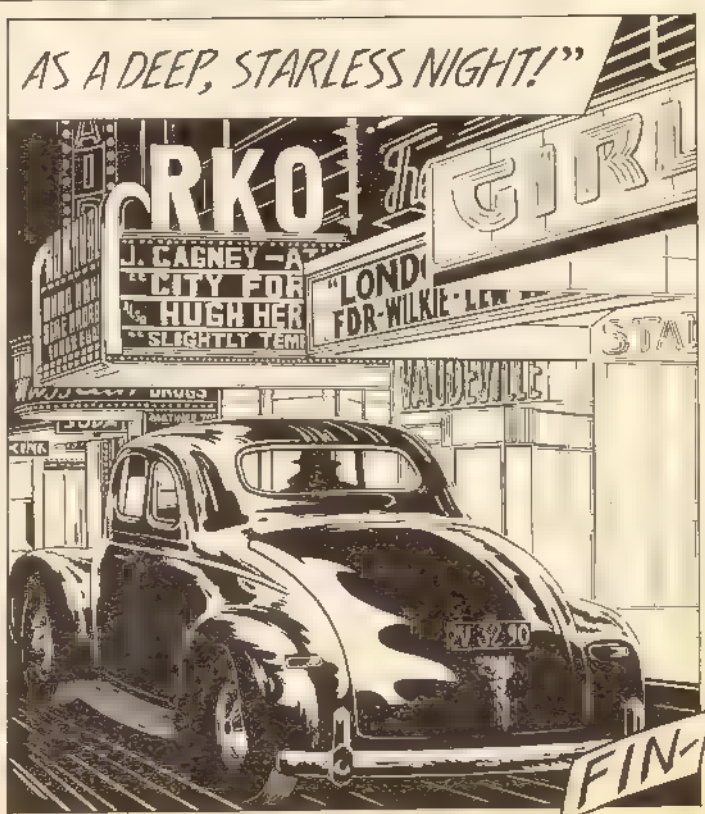
TO THAT HAIR WITH
DARKNESS BRIGHT,



SUPPLE AND SPRINGING—
AND AS BOUNDLESS



AS A DEEP, STARLESS NIGHT!"



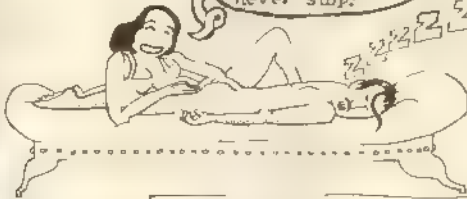
FRED FALLO



WAR CRIMINAL

After a long absence (prison? hospital? exile? Who can say) Fred is staying with the delightful Sucky Sue.

He's asleep at last! I thought he'd never stop!



when suddenly his siesta is interrupted.

There he is!

Fallo P! Get up!



Shut yer face!

What's going on? What's up? Whaddya want? It's about the diamonds at Anvers I can explain!

Bastard This is much more serious!

The Wars over, Fallo and we've won!

You'll be lucky if we only string you up for war crimes!

What are you talking about?

Bring in the witnesses.



Yes! He's definitely the father!!

This is crazy! Serwings not a crime!

The defendant will remain silent! After every war the victors decide what's a crime!

You two! Were you aware that fornication can cause pregnancy? That contraceptives exist? That there are too many people in the world to feed?

Well...yes



You will be hung! For each new child born a parent will die!

As for you Fallo - the witnesses have told me of your insatiable lust! As punishment you will serve the people...

...by feeding starving children!



No! No! Stop!!



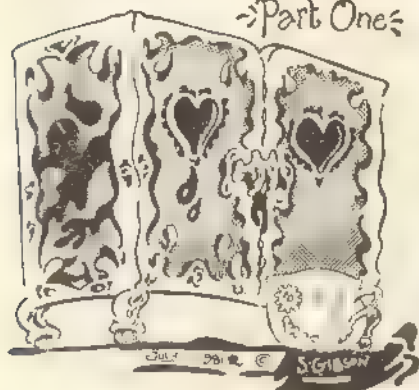
But Fred.. I thought I'd wake you up with a surprise!

oof! What a nightmare!



clara's cupboard

Part One



AS NIGHT CRAWLS ALONG THE SKY ON A BLACK BLACK BELLY, WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE SERGEANT CLOWTON ACCOMPANYING THE PRINCE OF DENMARK AND A MYSTERIOUS PRISONER OF THEIRS...



THEY CAME UPON THE HOUSE OF A LITTLE GIRL, WHO'S HEAD WAS FULL OF PRINCES AND DRAGONS AND CASTLES AND STUFF. THEY WERE SEEKING REFUGE FROM A BUNCH OF BLAGGARDS TRAILING CLOSELY BEHIND.

THE PRISONER, ONE OF POWER AND MYSTERY, AND I MIGHT ADD SUFFERING THE EFFECTS OF SOME SORT OF MAGICAL AMNESIA... HE WAS LOCKED IN THE CUPBOARD FOR SAFEKEEPING.



AS THEY SETTLED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT THE PRINCE UNRAVELLED THE SAGA OF THEIR 'PRISONER' A TALE NOT FOR OUR EARS JUST YET

It's a tale of intrigue and magic and of this and that...



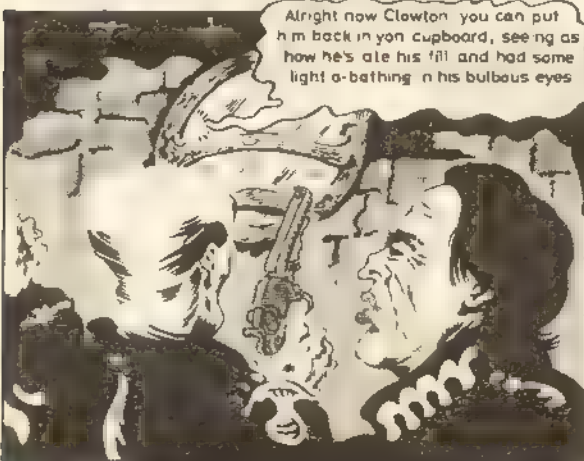
OUTSIDE THE COSY COTTAGE, IN THE CLOCKWORK FOREST, AMONGST THE BLACK COGWHEEL TREES AND METAL PLANTS, THERE WERE THREE ROGUES ARMED TO THE TEETH, GLARING AT THE COTTAGE FROM OUT OF THE CLANKING GRINDING FOLIAGE...



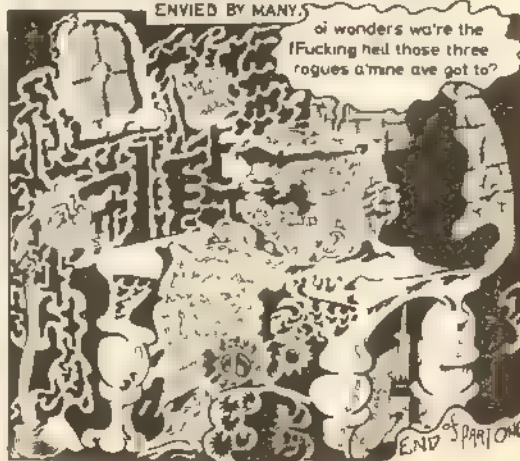
BACK INSIDE, THE PRISONER, SINCE REVEALED AS THE **DEATH FROG** HAD BEEN ALLOWED A BREATHER FROM HIS CUPBOARD SANCTUARY. HIS AMNESIAED AMPHIBIAN BRAIN STILL BAFFLED AS EVER



SO NOW YOU KNOW WHAT THE **DEATH FROG** LOOKS LIKE... BUT HA HAAR! WHAT'S TH'S A-LURKING OUTSIDE CLARAS WINDOW?



A FEW FORESTS AWAY, IN A HIDDEN STORMY GARRET, SQUATS CLAYTONVILLE XAVIERLY KNOWN TO ALL AS 'THE BEAK OF UNHOLY DESTINY', THE ANTAGONIST BEHIND THE RECAPTURE OF THE **DEATH FROG**. HE DINES EXCLUSIVELY ON TENTACLE SOUP AND SPIDERS BLMS. A PALATE ENVIED BY MANY.



END OF PART ONE

Clara's Cupboard

Part Two

NIGHT LASTS A LONG TIME IN THE CLOCKWORK FOREST AS THE MECHANICAL TREES AND PLANTS NEED PLENTY OF TIME TO REWIND THEMSELVES, ALL READY AND WHIRRING FOR ANOTHER DAY.



THERE IS A RUMOUR THE GIANT FAT WORM KING, UP TO NOW DWELLING UNDERGROUND IS SCHEDULED TO SURFACE AND INHERIT THE WORLD. THE DEATHFROG IS DESTINED TO EAT HIM SOMEWHAT CONTRARY TO THE PLANS OF THE BEAK

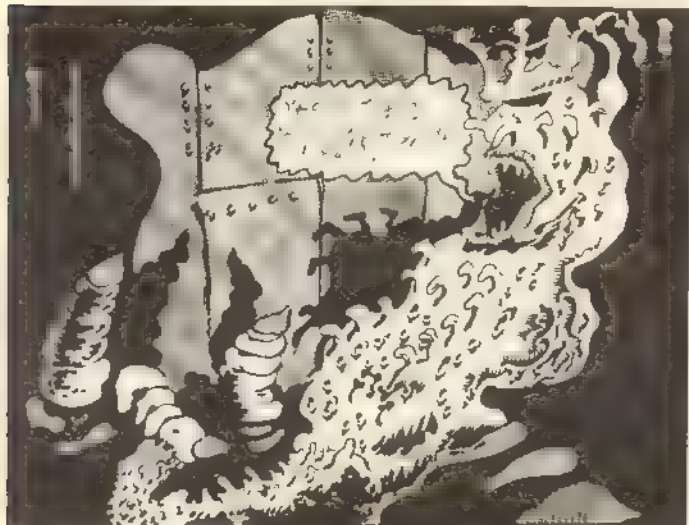
EVEN AS THE BEAK SPEAKS, UP IN THE AIR THE MOON BALLOON DEFLATES FOR A NEW DAY. TIME PASSES IN SPURTS AND CRAWLS. THINGS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN ..



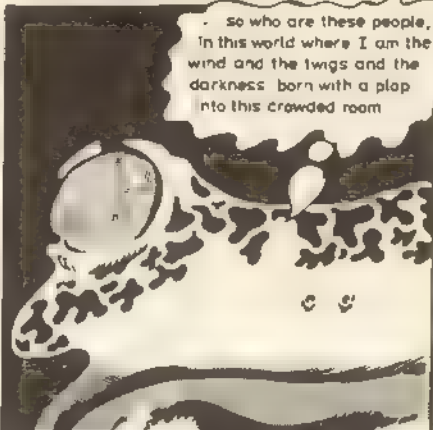
OVER IN THE ROYAL ABODE THERE WERE THOSE WHO BEGAN TO EXPRESS CONCERN OVER THE ABSENCE OF THE PRINCE. NAMELY THE ELITE GUARD OF EVER-BABIES MAINLY TRAINED TO INFILTRATE AND KILL THE DRUNKEN INFANT EATERS WHO DWELL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE FOREST. HERE ARE THE EVER-BABIES ALL PLAYING TOGETHER DRESSED IN B ZARRE CLOTHES. HAIR, SHADOWS, SMILES, MECHANISMS, EYES.



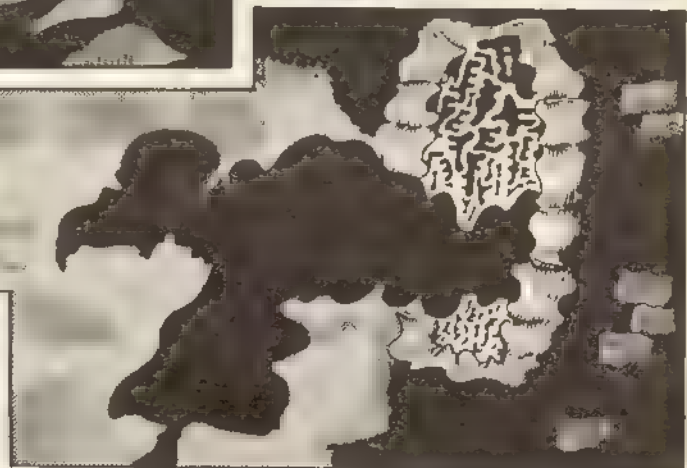
THE KING OF THE WORMS CROUCHES REGALLY IN HIS KINGDOM FAR BELOW THE SOUND OF TREES, HERE THEY HAVE NOSES ALL OF THEIR OWN



IN CLARA'S CUPBOARD THE DEATHFROG WENT THRU MANY DIFFERENT IDENTITIES ON A FRENZIED SHATTERED THINKING SPREE.



THE BEAK TOOK HIS LAST FLIGHT INTO SOME UNKNOWN WIZARDS OBLIVION AS HE REALISED THE INEVITABLE WAS ABOUT TO OCCUR AS A LAST RESORT TO REVENGE HE ORDERED HIS STILL WAITING ROGUES TO ATTACK



NEMATODA KING OF ALL WORMS MAKES HIS SURFACE DEBUT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF CLARA'S COTTAGE AMONGST A CONFUSED CACOPHANY OF CHARACTERS. BUT IT WAS THE FINAL NIGHT OF THE WORLD, BECAUSE THE DEATHFROG ATE HIM UP!



FINE SET OF FRIENDS I'VE GOT, MY DAUGHTER RUNS OFF WITH A PUNK ROCK HIPPY AN' THEY TELL ME DON'T WORRY!

YOUTH MUST HAVE IT'S FLING THEY TELL ME! WHAT DO THEY KNOW?! THE FOOLS! HOW CAN THEY KNOW THE BOND THAT EXISTS BETWEEN US?!

THEY LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I SAID IT MUST'VE BEEN A KIDNAPPIN'! BUT THEY DON'T KNOW HOW I LOVE MY LITTLE GIRL...

SANDRA

A TALE TO GLADDEN YOUR HEART

1781

AND THE WAY MY LITTLE DARLING, LOVES HER DADDY!

SO WHAT DOES A CARING, LOVING, FATHER DO WITH HIS DAUGHTER LOST, WHILE HE IS FRIENDLESS?!

OBVIOUSLY I HAVE TO GO OUT AN' FIND HER AN' THIS DOG ON MY OWN!!

HELL! I DON'T NEED HELP!!

ZOOM



FIRST THING TO DO IS FIND THE OFFICES OF ONE OF THESE ROCK+ROLL NEWSPAPERS, THEY SHOULD KNOW WHERE THIS PERVERT IS!

NO, MAN, I DON'T KNOW WHERE ZIGGY SOCKS OF THE LUNT CAPPERS IS, TRY HIS MANAGER, 8 DOORS DOWN, MAN! STUFF THESE DEADLINES MAN!

LORD! TO THINK THAT THIS WORLD IS FULL OF WEIRD TYPES LIKE THAT! WHAT'S TO BECOME OF..

OH NO!!

BLAST IT!! YOU LEAVE YOUR CAR FOR 5 MINUTES AN' THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER BLOODY RIOT!

WHERE'RE THE POLICE AT A TIME LIKE THIS?!

EVEN IF THIS'S SOME-
THIN' TO DO WITH THAT
PICKANINNY I BUMPED
AS I WAS COMIN' IN,
IT DOES NOT EXCUSE
THIS SORT OF BEHAVIOUR!
NO RESPECT FOR PRIV-
ATE PRO-
PERTY!



THERE'S A
LACK OF RE-
SPECT FOR
EVERYTHIN'
OF VALUE
THESE DAYS!
KIDS!!



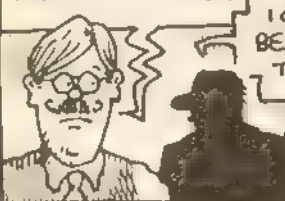
THERE'S A RIGHT WAY TO
DO THINGS, AN' A WRONG
WAY! THESE DAYS SO MANY
PEOPLE SEEM TO BE DETER-
MINED TO BASE THEIR WH-
OLE LIVES ON BEING
WRONG! THE WHOLE
WORLD'S GONE
CRAZY!!



BUT ME AN' MY SANDY
HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO
WITH THAT, WE'RE GOOD,
RESPONSIBLE, FOLK!
I'M SURE YOU'RE A DEC-
ENT MAN, SIR, YOU'LL
HELP ME!



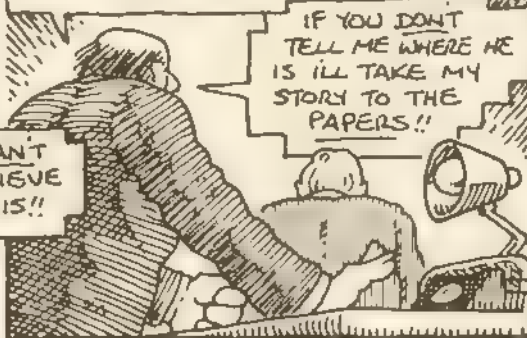
WELL, I'VE GOT RESPON-
SIBILITIES TOO, TO
ZIGGY, MISTER, MY
JOB'S TO LOOK AFTER
HIS INTERESTS, AN'
DELIVERIN' HIM INTO
THE HANDS OF ENRA-
GED FATHERS'S NOT
PART OF MY JOB!



YOU WOULD WILLINGLY
DELIVER MY POOR DAUGH-
TER INTO THE CLUTCHES
OF THIS DEVIATE?!! HAVE
YOU NO CONSCIENCE?!!

LOOK,
PAL, IT'S
NOT THAT,
IT'S..

IF YOU DON'T
TELL ME WHERE HE
IS I'LL TAKE MY
STORY TO THE
PAPERS!!



I CAN'T
BELIEVE
THIS!!

OH SHIT! BAD PUBLIC-
ITY I DON'T NEED!
BET HE MEANS IT TOO!

IT'S HARDLY WORTH
THE RISK ANYWAY,
ZIGGY'S BELDMIN'
PASSE..



YES, HE TURNED OUT
TO BE A VERY NICE MAN,
WHY HE EVEN LET ME
BORROW HIS SECRETARY'S
CAR! I'VE ALWAYS
KNOWN I'M A GOOD
JUDGE OF CHARACTER!
NOW THE CHASE NEARS
ITS END!

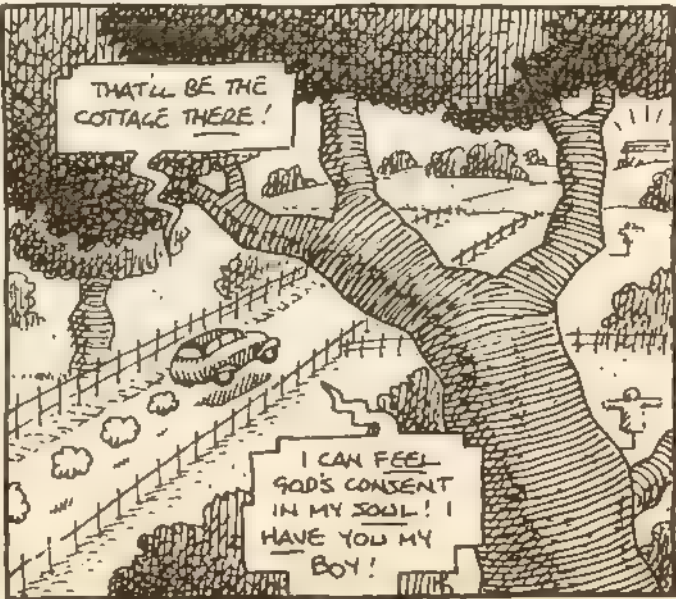


OF COURSE,
THE FORCES
OF EVIL
CAN NEVER
WIN, I HAVE
RIGHT ON MY
SIDE!



THAT'LL BE THE
COTTAGE THERE!

I CAN FEEL
GOD'S CONSENT
IN MY SOUL! I
HAVE YOU MY
BOY!



WHAT CHANCE COULD YOU HOPE TO HAVE AGAINST A FATHER'S LOVE LIKE I FEEL?! WHAT DO YOU HAVE THAT COULD OVER REPLACE .. AH!



THAT'S SANDY LAUGHING! I'LL CREEP UP ON THEM AND POUNCE LIKE A LI-ON! I'VE GOT YOU!

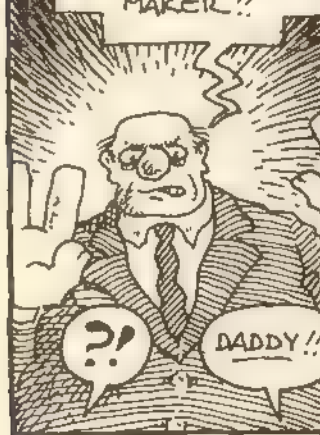


A FLOWER FOR A FLOWER!

ARF!

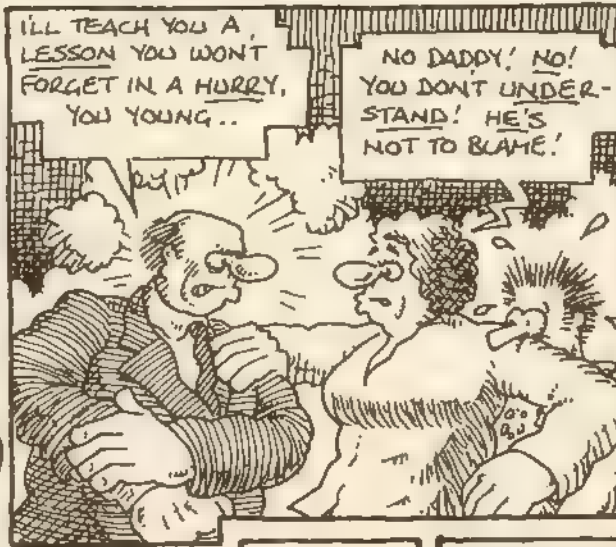


AND TROUBLE FOR A TROUBLE-MAKER!!



I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY, YOU YOUNG..

NO DADDY! NO! YOU DON'T UNDER-STAND! HE'S NOT TO BLAME!



WHAT?!



YOU BROUGHT ME UP TO ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH, DADDY, SO HERE IT IS.. YOU MUST PUNISH ME! I'M RESPONSIBLE! I WANTED FUN AND EXCITEMENT! I CHASED HIM!



BUT WE HAD EXCITING TIMES TOGETHER! WE'VE CERTAINLY HAD FUN! WHY DID YOU DO THIS?! WHY?!!



OH DADDY! I THINK THE DEVIL GOT IN ME FOR A WHILE ..BUT HE'S GONE NOW.. HONEST!



THOUGH YOU'LL HAVE TO PUNISH ME ANYWAY, WON'T YOU, DADDY?

YES, YES I WILL! AND AS FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN..





MY EYES!!
JEEZUS MY
EYES!!



VENGEANCE
IS MINE SAYETH
THE LORD!



WELL, GOD'S MADE
HIM "SEE THE LIGHT"
..ARF! NOW DADDY
GOTTA DO THE SAME
FOR NALHTY SANDRA!
..IN THE USUAL
WAY?

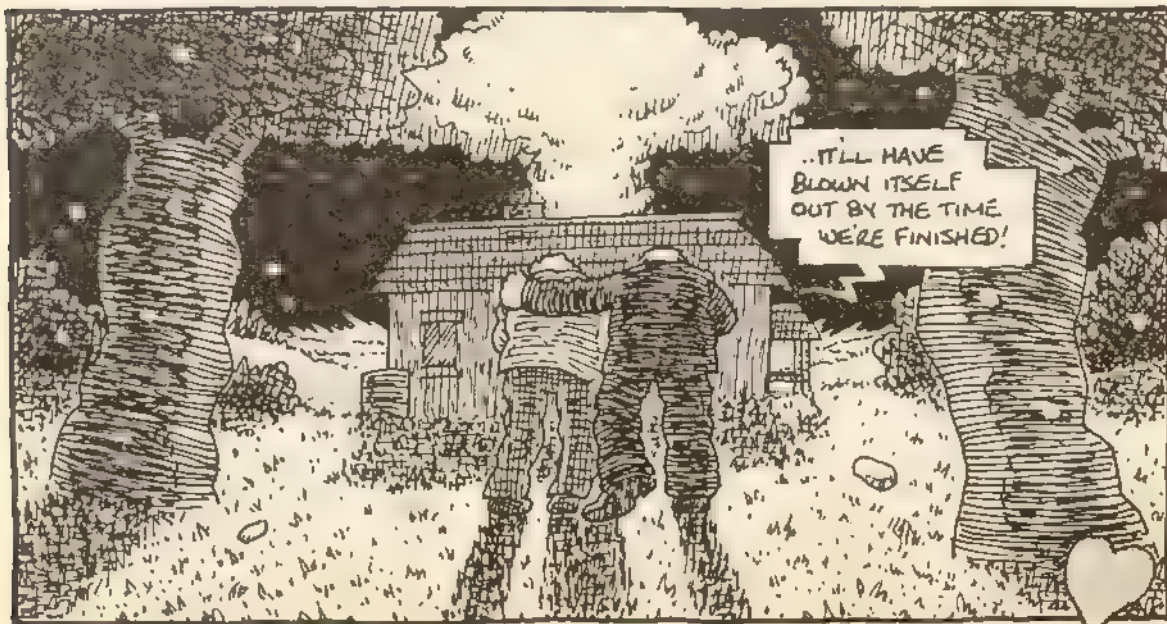
WHAT OTH-
ER WAY IS
THERE FOR
A LOVING
PARENT?



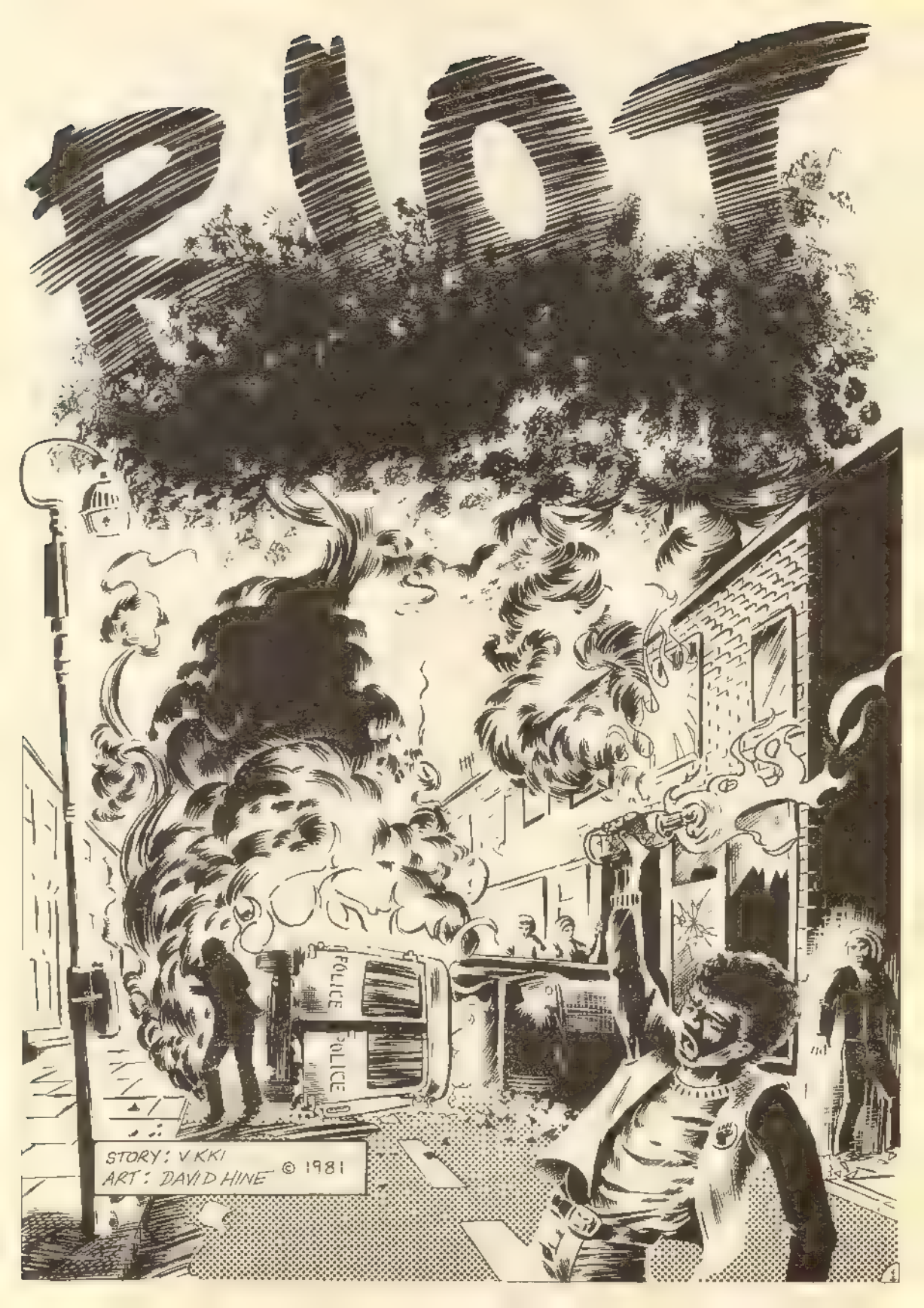
COME ALONG, PANTS
OFF, YOU YOUNG SCAMP,
AN' PREPARE YOUR-
SELF FOR A
GOOD..



LORD! THIS GALE'S STRONG!
INDOORS TO DO IT, DEAREST
DAUGHTER!



..IT'LL HAVE
BLOWN ITSELF
OUT BY THE TIME
WE'RE FINISHED!



STORY: V KKI
ART: DAVID HINE © 1981

IT WAS A LOUSY DAY TO BE A COPPER — THE AIR WAS FULL OF BRICKS AND STONES
AND ALL WE COULD DO WAS STAND AND WATCH THEM —
TWENTY YEARS I'VE BEEN A COPPER AND I'VE NEVER FELT SO FRUSTRATED



THERE WERE A LOT OF COMMENTS FLYING — "BLACK BASTARDS!" —
— "FUCKING ANIMALS!" — IT WAS THE TENSION AND FRUSTRATION
REALLY — THERE WERE PLENTY OF WHITE KIDS OUT THERE TOO —
BUT IN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRES THEY DID LOOK SORT OF LIKE ANIMALS —



AND WHEN THE ORDER CAME TO CLEAR THE STREET
I THINK WE ALL WENT A LITTLE CRAZY —





MY DAUGHTER CHRISTINE IS AT THAT REBELLIOUS AGE AND I THINK SHE'S A BIT EMBARRASSED HAVING A COPPER FOR A FATHER. I ALWAYS FOUND MYSELF HAVING TO JUSTIFY MY JOB — "WE'RE NOT ALL PIGS" I USED TO SAY, "WE'RE THERE TO PROTECT PEOPLE LIKE YOU." WELL, WE DID A FINE JOB OF PROTECTING THAT DAY — WE PROTECTED WITH OUR BOOTS AND TRUNGHERNS — WE DID OUR DUTY TO GOD QUEEN AND COUNTRY — AND WE GAVE THEM HELL!!





THINGS GOT A BIT HAZY AFTER A WHILE - I GOT SEPARATED FROM THE FIGHTING.
I SPOTTED SOME LOOTERS AND WENT TOWARDS THEM - THAT KIND OF THING MAKES
ME MAD - SMASHING UP SHOPS - TAKING WHAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU

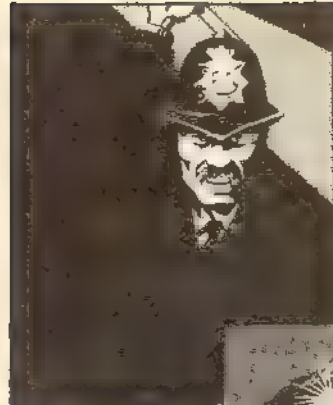


I WAS IN A REAL TEMPER BY THEN -
THIEVING BLOODY YOBBOES.

I HEARD A NOISE INSIDE AND REALISED
THERE WAS SOMEONE STILL THERE ...



I FELT LIKE I HAD A RAT CORNERED



I WANTED TO SMASH HIM — HIM AND ALL
THE OTHER THIEVES, MUGGERS AND JUNKIES
WHO ARE FOULING UP OUR COUNTRY - BUT
AS I WAS HITTING HIM I SWEAR I COULD
HEAR MY CHRISTINE SCREAMING AT ME —
THE HARDER I HIT THE LOUDER SHE SCREAMED
AND THE LOUDER SHE SCREAMED —
THE HARDER I HIT //



UNTIL IT WENT QUIET



. REALISED TWO OTHER OFFICERS
WERE WATCHING - LAUGHING -

"WHAT ARE YOU TRYING
TO DO? KILL HIM!?"

I LAUGHED TOO.....

BUT AS THEY LED HIM AWAY I FELT SICK
— SICK AND ASHAMED. WHAT WAS I
PROTECTING? — A SUPERMARKET!!
WAS THAT REALLY WORTH SMASHING
— SOMEONE'S HEAD IN FOR?



AND IT HAD BEEN EASY
BECAUSE HE WAS BLACK
SO WHAT DID THAT MAKE
ME —

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I
JOINED THE FORCE I WASN'T
PROUD OF MY UNIFORM

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I REFUSED
TO GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST THAT
LOOTER? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD
COPPER — LOOK AT MY RECORD —

WELL I FINALLY REALISED
THAT LAW ISN'T ALWAYS TRUTH

AND A GOOD COP ISN'T ALWAYS
A GOOD PERSON

SO I MADE MY CHOICE —
AND IF IT MEANS I HAVE TO GIVE UP
MY UNIFORM — OKAY. I DIDN'T
EXPECT ANY THANKS AND I
DON'T EXPECT TO GET YOUR RESPECT
— BUT AT LEAST I CAN RESPECT MYSELF

AND THAT'S A START

THE ADVENTURES OF MORTY THE MOLE

MEET MORTY, A WELL-MEANING, BUT UNFORTUNATELY OUT OF WORK MOLE

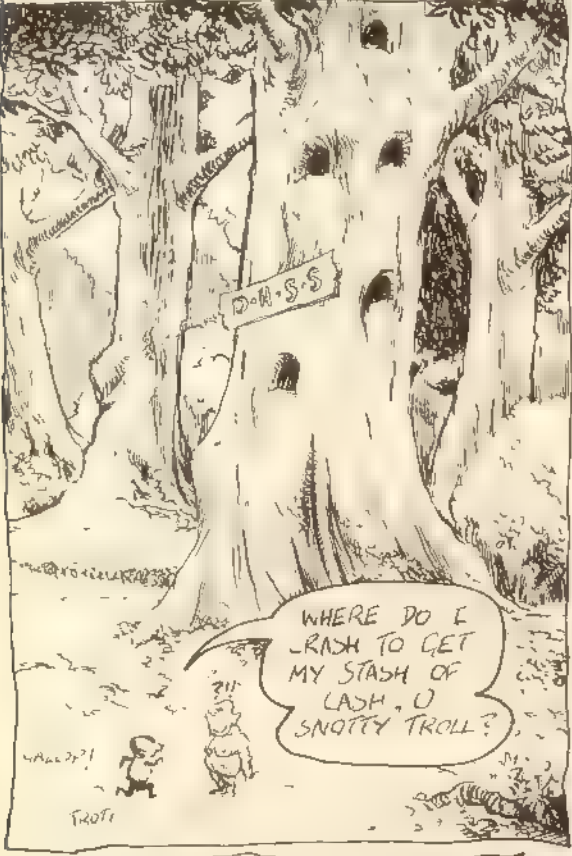


YOWZAH! TODAY'S THE DAY I GO FOR MY DUGH!

MAYBE THEY WILL HAVE FOUND A PAINFUL EMPLOYMENT FOR A HUMBLE BUT HARD-WORKING MOLE!

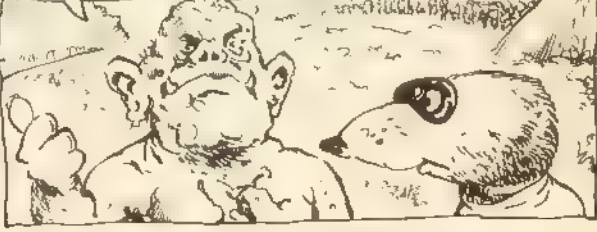


A STROLL THROUGH THE WOODS LATER...



WHERE DO I RASH TO GET MY STASH OF LASH, O SNOTTY TROLL?

YA GOTTA WAIT IN DA QUEUE, HA! HA! HA!



GOOD JOB I BOUGHT MY YOYO THEN!



WHAT A STRANGE SENSE OF HUMOUR!



MUCH... MUCH LATER...

OI! YOU! OVER HERE!!

ME?! YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME?!



NO I HAVE NO DESIRE TO TALK TO YOU WHAT SO-EVER, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I'M PAID TO ATTEMPT COMMUNICATION WITH FIRNY, LOUSE RIDDEN WASTERS LIKE YOU



SO LET'S GET THIS WHOLE TROLLS AFFAIR OVER WITH!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

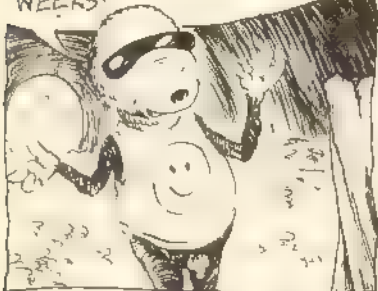
ER MONEY PLEASE.



HO! HO! YOU'RE A JOKER AREN'T YOU!!



BUT I AIN'T GOT NO
LINKER, Y'KNOW, I BIN
WIN' OFFA BEATLES AN'
JUGO FOR THE PAST TWO
WEEKS!



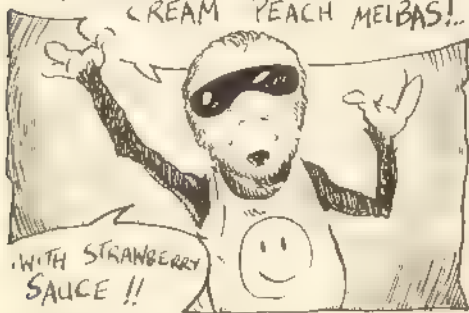
WELL?! YOU'RE A MOLE
AREN'T YOU?! YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO
EAT BEATLES
AND SLUGS!!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU!
IT ISN'T ALL FUN AND FROLIC
DOWN IN THE DELL YOU
KNOW!! THE DRYADS
AND THE PIXIES'RE
GETTIN' ANGRY!!



FAIRIES, COME OUT OF THE CLOSET!!
GNOMES, OUT INTO THE DELL!
WOODLAND FOLK, NO LONGER SHALL WE
BE LONTENT WITH MERE BEATLES
AND SLUGS, BUT WE WILL EXPECT,
NAY, DEMAND... ERR ER... ICE
CREAM PEACH MELBAS!!



WITH STRAWBERRY
SAUCE!!

GOD! NOT ONLY A
MOLE, BUT ONE WITH
SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS!!

I CAN'T
STAND IT!

LISTEN, GOOD LOOKING,
IF YOU DON'T SHUT
-UP I'LL BITE YOUR
NOSE OFF!!

NICE, JUICY SLUGS.
CRUNCHY BEATLES..

..THEN I'LL
LUT YOUR BENEFIT
OFF!!

PEAR AND GINGER
UPSIDE DOWN PUDDING..

THAT'S BETTER! ANY MORE TROUBLE
FROM YOU AND IT'S THE WOLF-
-PIT, ME LADDO!



LET'S SEE
MARTY MOLE,
NO 4 JUNGLE
DELL..

EXCUSE
ME...
AHEM!

THE NAME'S MORTY,
NOT MARTY!

YOU ARE
CAUSING
TROUBLE
AREN'T
YOU!!!

NO, NO...
HONESTLY!

IT'S TOO LATE TO
APOLOGISE NOW! IT'S
THE WOLF PIT FOR
YOU PAL!



CHOMP!

Whoooo!
ARGH!
SNARL!!

ICE CREAM PEACH MELBAS, I
ASK YOU!!!



PHOOEY!

NEXT!

THE END.

A BRIEF AFFAIR

A MELANCHOLY AUTUMN IT WAS,
A HALF-LIGHT SUBMERGED
COBBLE AND GUTTER, SHUTTER
AND GREY-SLATE ROOF, WHERE
CORMORANT BREEZES DARTED
COLD AND SHARP.

...AND THERE WERE
THOSE TO WHOM THIS
TWILIGHT SHADOW PLAY
WAS NO MORE THAN SILENCE.

PICKERSGILL
LAMONT
&
BOOTHGLASS
ACCOUNTANTS
&
DEBT COLLECTORS

OUT! DAMNED DEFAULTERS!
I WANT THEM OUT, DARK!

THANK YOU, SIR. MAY I GET
UP NOW?



SHADRACH DARK, SLUNG HIS GRAY COAT
ABOUT HIS SPARE FRAME AND SET OFF

THROUGH AVENUES OF TREES
DYING IN STATE...



DARK WAS ACQUAINTED WITH DEBT AND USURY... DRINK AND THE TURN OF TOO MANY BAD CARDS HAD MADE HIM AN OUTCAST IN INDIA'S CLUB SOCIETY, AND DRIVEN HIM INTO THE ARMY. EVEN THEN, SUBALTERN DARK HAD BEEN DISCHARGED OVER AN INCIDENT CONCERNING A YOUNG SERVANT GIRL AND THE MAJOR GENERAL'S ARTIFICIAL LIMB... FOR ONCE FALSELY ACCUSED, DARK SAILED FOR ENGLAND...

...A BITTER MAN.



AH! YOU MUST BE MR. DARK!

DARK'S EXPRESSION SOFTENED TO A GLARE OF BALDFUL MENACE...
GREAT THROBBING PEDISCLES!



WHY YES, MY DEAR, BUT HOW... WHO ARE YOU? A FRIEND OF MY TENANTS?

A FRIEND? LET US JUST SAY I HAVE AN INTEREST IN THE POOR. YOU MIGHT SAY IT IS A CONCERN IN COMMON....

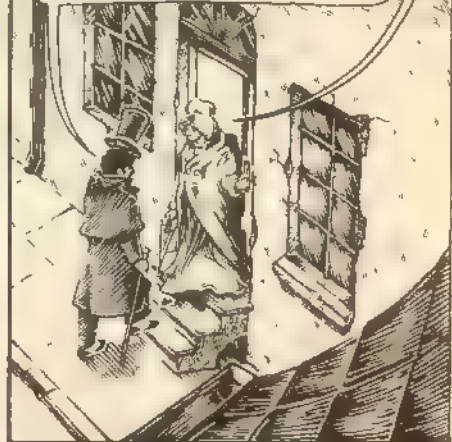


LET US FOREGO BUSINESS FOR A WHILE. WE CAN TALK OF THAT LATER. SHALL WE DINE?

BUT...

... AT MY EXPENSE, MY DEAR SIR. PLEASE OBLIGE ME...

MADAM,, HAVE REFUSED A MAHARAJAH'S CONCUBINES, BUT NEVER A FREE MEAL...



LET US MUSE ON **FATE** AWHILE...
FATE WHICH HAS BROUGHT THE OLD
 TENANTS A MYSTERIOUS WINDFALL.
 THEY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SETTLE
 THEIR DEBTS THIS VERY AFTERNOON,
 AND **FATE** BRINGS THEM HOME IN
 TIME TO SPOT TWO RETREATING
 FIGURES...



IT'S A HEADY DRAUGHT,
 THE COMPANY OF A LADY
 OF QUALITY WITH A TASTE
 FOR CHEAP ENTERTAINMENT.



AND **FATE**, OF COURSE, HAS
 PROVIDED SHADRACH DARK
 WITH A CHARMING
DVERTISSEMENT...



AND AS HE RECOUNTS ONLY SLIGHTLY EMBROIDERED
 TALES OF THE RAJ, HE SINKS INTO THE INTOXICATION
 OF A WOMAN'S ATTENTION...



A CURIOUS THING — DARK SOFTENED. HE
 FELT HE HAD NEVER BEEN SO MUCH
 HIMSELF. HE FELT HE MIGHT EVEN BE A
 GOOD MAN, AND HISTORY BE DAMNED.

SUCH A WONDERFUL NIGHT,
 MY DEAR. IT SEEMS A PITY
 TO END IT NOW...

MA'AM, YOU MEAN... UH... OF
 COURSE...



LIKE A CALLOW BOY, ELATED AND YET NONPLUSSED AT HIS OWN GOOD FORTUNE, DARK, UNDRESSED AND FELL INTO HER BED TO AWAIT HER... "CALL ME LILITH" SHE HAD SAID — "CALL ME LILITH"



I AM NOT ENTIRELY IMMODEST, MR. DARK. LET ME TURN OFF THE LIGHT...

SO SHE REACHED OUT A HAND OVER THE COUNTERPANE...



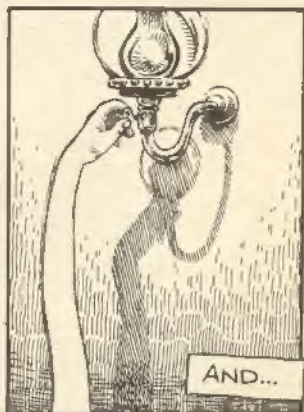
OVER THE
EDGE OF
THE BED...



ACROSS THE CARPET...



UP THAT OH, SO
DISTANT WALL...



AND...

RID YOURSELF OF UNSIGHTLY CRANIAL BLEMISHES!

HOHOHO HOHOHO HOHOHO



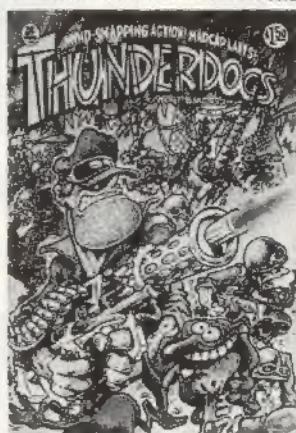
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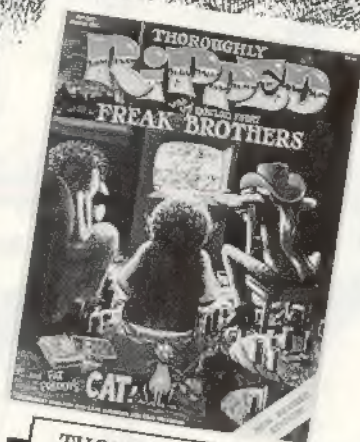
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